THE COUNTERSTROKE

AMBROSE PRATT.

AUTHOR OF "VIGOROUS DAUNT, BILLIONAIRE."

discover, but so closely and faithfully are

the secrets of the order kept that it cost

me a further eight years of unremitting inquiry and nigh thirty thousand pounds

Mr. Perigord waited a moment, looking

"You make no remark, you ask no

Prince Carlos sank back in his chair,

Lord Francis and Von Oeltjen gazed at

Mr. Perigord frowned. "The Count vo

"Diable! who is Katherin's father?"

muttered the Count von Oeltjen.
"And who, in God's name, is her lover?"
almost shouted the prince, who seemed

"Yes," Mr. Perigord turned to the prince. "Your highness is so foolish as

still infatuated. We must, therefore, seek

A jealous man should make a good de-

and spoke gravely, kindly, as to an angry child. "Patience, prince; the object is

good, if the method be unseemly. Be-

aim is the preservation of your own life.

third attempt be not better planned. I

have called upon you to assist me where

ers, in order that you might help in the

work of your own salvation, and at the

same time lessen your indebtedness to

you while still unconscious in order to

track your assassin, but into your tight-

"Great heaven!" gasped the prince

clenched hand I thrust a symbol to re-

"A pencil case engraved with the word 'Jehovah.' Nay, words are useless, prince. Speak not of gratitude, but rather

et the part of grateful man. You will

"It is well. You, Count von Oeltjen-

"Will set out at once for Paris. You

will seek out the chief of police, and say

Perigord,' whereupon that officer will know how to prevent the nihilists from

President must presently pass on his visit to Mentone. But be careful, count;

et drop no mention of my whereabouts. The count saluted. "And after, sir?"

Mr. Perigord rose to his feet and moved

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him these words, 'Tunnel, Bordighera,

"I-I-I, yes, all-"

madame's lover-

"Yes, he is dead," they repeated.

CHAPTER I .- CONTINUED.

Mr. Perigord for answer threw back the left lapel of his coat, his action displaying the presence of a large brooch fastened to his breast, whereupon was traced a strange device, wrought with who constitute the inmost circle. At last diamonds of great size and brilliancy. I succeeded, and the day of my success "Prince, peer, or peasant," he said, with was never more despairing. I had jour grave solemnity, his manner of malice en-tirely gone, "what matters it? I am he traitor whom I had bought having mutto whom all true Masons owe allegiance. And yet your question is not impertment about to whisper names, when a bullet and deserves a different answer. Be sat-isfied to know that social rank I have street in which we stood took his life, Isfied to know that social rank I nave no none. I am of royal birth, but I have no right to name my parents; therefore, am I a veritable nobody, a mountebank, if you will, but a mountebank who holds the reins of a mighty power, not the less puissant because its methods are concealed. For sixteen years I have concenI have sought for so long and often so
trated and devoted all my energies of hopelessly. The manner of my discovery brain and body and the resources of a need not be discussed, only the fact that large fortune to the accomplishment of at last, gentlemen, I have acquired power an object, a mission which I have peran object, a mission which I have persuaded myself to believe is incontestably virtuous and just. To that end I have used all my talents, sacrificed my desires, pleasures, and amplifions and forced my.

The listeners neither murmured nor listeners neither murmured nor listeners. pleasures, and ambitions, and forced my-self to become an idea rather than a person, a purpose rather than a human

Mr. Perigord waited a moment, looking being. Throughout those years I have at them expectantly; then with a shrug lived an anchorite, without once tasting of his huge shoulders once more rethe kiss of woman or permitting a drop sumed. of wine to cross my lips-always working. working, working, often despairing, but question, most worshipful Knights of the never relinquishing my task. My labors Ninth Arch. You do well. Come hither, never relinquishing my task. My labors have not gone entirely unrewarded, my cause has produced many proselytes, it has been sanctified and consecrated by the greatest priest on earth. Emperors have become my helpmates in its service, kings my servants, princes and peers my ardent fellowers. The obscurity of my origin was at first a deadly bar to progress, but that obstacle was conquered the instant that I became a Mason; and now, in spite of it, no potentate on earth denies me rigim of place. At last I see the end me rigist of place. At last I see the end daughter, of the second the wife, of the in view. The knowledge which for sixteen long years I have sought so patiently has at last been partially revealed to me, and I am now within measurable distance husband is dead!" he cried. and I am now within measurable distance of accomplishing the mission which I believe that the Most High God has con- their host with dazed and stupid faces

fided into my hands. He paused and raised his right hand reverently upward, while his three guests stared at him spellbound.

Hobenstein is dead," he answered grimly and drew from his pocket a folded paper After a moment he resumed: "You wonder, gentlemen, what the nature of that mission is, still more perhaps why I have called you here. Listen then, and learn. When still a young man, a hotblood like yourselves, while traveling in Russia I fell madly in love with an evil matically. Only Prince Carlos did not matically. Only Prince Carlos did not seem to your prince carlos did not you prince carlos did not you prince carlos did not your prince carlos did not y woman, the beautiful but infamous Sophie Peroffskaja. For her sake I became a nihilist, and the friend of bloody scoundrels such as Russakof, Jelaboff, Kibai-tween Katherin Viyella and—" chick, and a score of others. These men laid specious arguments before me. They Perigord, with a queer little smile; "a told me blood-curdling tales of the hor-rors of Russian serfdom, the cruelty of "But perhaps assumed," su the nobles, their selfishness and vicious-ness, their wanton disregard of human "Undoubtedly assumed," replied Peri misery and suffering. Unhappily, they gord. proved their stories true. Having entered their circle to gratify a woman's caprice, I remained among them a nihilist from sympathy, and, a young, impassioned man, for a term I thought their objects noble, their ineffable methods more than justified. You have all heard of the assasination of Czar Alexander II. Well.

Lord Francis, will devote yourself heart in the mines of Siberia, and was only released after the exercise of powerful intervention. But it was a changed man who received his passport and was deported from the realms of the Czar. During my imprisonment I had beared to the control of the ing my imprisonment I had learned many things before unknown to me and had much opportunity for serious reflection. to remain, in spite of repeated warnings recognized then how senseless and unreasonable was the assassination of Alex-ander, the one Czar who had truly loved A jealous man should make a goo his people, who had freed the serfs of tective; you must ascertain the name of his own will, and who had done more than all his imperial progenitors combined to establish personal liberty in Russia. With deep and constant consideration came further enlightenment and I were men who sought to punish individuals for the sins of centuries, and who blindly hoped to destroy an institution so lieve me, I assign you a task whose first

hydra-headed as monarchy by the murder of a king, or a score of kings. It For two months has your death been dethen occurred to me that the leaders of caped assassination; take care that the nihilism must be men of incredible ignorance to persist in such designs. Memory forbade, however, the entertaining long of such a proposition. I had read pamphlets, the handiwork of the mysterious leaders of the society, whose specious and brilliant contents could only have emanated from powerful and enlightened we. You force me into explanations minds. Irresistibly, therefore, was the conviction forced upon me that the soclety of which I had been a member was controlled by men whom either madness. revenge, or personal ambition excited to the planning and perpetration of such monstrous crimes, and who for their own wicked ends played upon the ignorance and noble but misdirected enthusiasm of their following. This terrible conviction grew stronger through the weary, slaving days, but I was tortured with the vanity of knowledge come too late. Having lost hope of ever walking the earth a free man again, I dared to make one night a solemn pact with God. Kneeling stone floor of my cell, I vowed to the Most High that if He saw fit to accomplish my release, I would devote my life my fortune, my very soul, to abolish nihilism and disband by any means and at any cost or hazard that small but dangerous coterie of men whose objects are avowedly, ideally grand, but whose methods are so accursedly inhuman. Gentle-men, God heard, and took me at my word. His answer was swift and sure. After I had sworn my vow I fell into a deep, dreamless sleep; I was awakened at dawn by a soldier who struck off my chates and informed me that I was free. Sarcome, I fell upon my knees and bratefully renewed my covenant, but the good fortune, and, an unbeliever, he kicked me brutally upon the side. At another time I should have strangled him, for I was strong and quick-tempered was strong and quick-tempered in those days, but I felt that I had become God's servant, and, rising, humbly followed th ruffian without attempting to revenge his oward act. Since that day, my life has all been molded on that plan.'

the pause that followed, silence reigned supreme; the faces of all had grown profoundly grave, passionately at-

Mr. Perigord gazed musingly at his guests, and presently continued: "My work was of necessity infinitely tedious From my short acquaintance with nihil ism, I knew something of its laws and secrets, but nothing of the organization of its chiefs. With gold I purchased much knowledge, with patience more, but it cost me five years of ceaseless effor to acquire the groundwork that I needed. Those five years taught me that the so-clety is composed of three circles. The outermost comprises no less than half a outermost comprises no less than half a million neophytes scattered among the poor and proscribed not only of Russia, but of all the other nations of Europe. These neophytes, who are generally unintelligent and illiterate creatures drawn from the lowest classes of humanity, are captained by members of the second circle, men of a slightly better type, indeed, sometimes aristocrats, who act as me-diums between the inmost and outermost circles. So much it was not difficult to

ains opposite. "Beyond those hangings, tion of nihilists?" gentlemen, you will find supper, and a

> "Well, my lord?" Lord Francis hesitated a second, then

blucking up courage asked: "And for me it forbidden that I leave England?" "Absolutely. Is that all?" "But Madame Viyella-she may at any

"She will remain where you remain." "Ah, er-I-excuse me, sir, but I should like to know the end of all this."

"You mean?" "I mean that if I, if the prince, succeed in our tasks, are we pledged—I put it badly, sir, he stammered, then blurted

slowly to the door. There arrived, he out: "Your object, sir, is the destruction urned and pointed gravely to some cur- of nihilism; does that involve the destruc-

Mr. Perigord eyed him thoughtfully servant who, when you are ready, will moment, then answered with cold deguide you to the street. Pray excuse me liberation: "You have been a soldier, sir, from personally attending you. I have and should have learned the lesson of un-much to do. Good night." questioning obedience. My commands

> Next instant he had disappeared, and the three gentlemen presently obeyed his latest admonition. They found in the in-dicated room a rich repast awaiting them, omposed of choicest foods and wines spirit, and forthwith departed in the wake of the gentleman who had first admitted them to Mr. Perigord's mysterious

> > TO BE CONTINUED TO-MORROW.

DAILY FASHION HINT.



The Mode of the Marchioness.

wrap worn by the "Marchioness" of the place at the Theatre Gymnase, Paris, the design has been reproduced with the title man, for a term I thought their objects noble, their ineffable methods more than justified. You have all heard of the assasination of Czar Alexander II. Well. I stood beside Russakoff when Russakoff threw the bomb. Bah! calm yourselves, gentlemen; I had no hand in the massacre, and was as ignorant of those flends' dreadful purpose as yourselves. But that dreadful purpose as yourselves. But that fact did not save me. I served six months in the mines of Stherik and was of Stherik and program and sudden frenzy of rage.

"Gentlemen," said Perigord, "you be-houses, thus recalling the for the Marchioness, thus recalling the find the fle of the Marchioness, thus recalling the find the fle of the Marchioness, thus recalling the flex the ble seeve is especially novel, full at the ble sleve is especially novel, full at the flex says the flex title of the original was reposited to full and the flex of the Marchioness, thus recalling the flex the flex of the Marchioness, thus recalling the flex the full as the full as the full as the full as the full ast cut that one overlooks the fact that it is the cuff, and the little strap tabs, that

FROM WOMAN'S VIEWPOINT.

Men and women are getting a wrong idea of life through the preaching of disgruntled individuals. They are coming to believe that unfairness in the matter of worldly possessions prevails and that the idle are entitled to the same rewards as the metropolis, with the Bank of England those who work conscientiously. The effect of this belief, constantly dwelt upon, can as the center.

The prince, who had retreated several steps during this speech, here interrupted flercely: "Never—an action so base—I—"
Mr. Perigord looked him in the eyes, There is cheating, plenty of it; there is favoritism, but there are honest, hard workers who succeed as they deserve, and there is no reason why those who detest work and shun it on all occasions should know anything but want. Work is a natural condition with rewards at every step; and it is not wholesome to wish or seek to avoid it. Great wealth is for the few, and comfort for the many, but both have to be earned-save in a few cases. creed; twice have you miraculously es-

> Whatever may be said of corporations, they are governed by men who put their mental and bodily strength into the work of sustaining them, and do it.ungrudgingly, Their hours are long, and the strain is often enough to make wrecks of them before they have learned the secret of enjoyment or even thought of it. Such severe labor is too much for anybody, and money secured in such fashion is dearly purchased. Yet the spirit of endeavor is to be commended.

> This is the general attitude of workers-as little effort and the highest wages possible. The question is not, "How much and how good work can I do?" but "Where can I shirk without being discovered?" So the contractor puts up a fair-looking house, receives the price agreed upon, and the owner has the annoyance of seeing the structure slowly drop to pieces before the newness has worn off. I have seen that thing done. A story of amazing fairness is going the rounds of my neighborhood, yet it ought not to be any more than we should expect

> A man figured on a cesspool for a beach cottage, and wanted twenty-five dollars for the job, but finally compromised on twenty When he presented the bill for a fine piece of work the owner of the cottage found that he had taken off two dollars because he found it easier than he expected. The bill was settled for twenty, however, as the other man was honest, too, and believed that a contract should be lived up to. Why is that not the usual method of doing business rather than a form so obsolete as to create amazement?

There may have been occasional cases where work has killed, but I would have undermining the railway over which the see proof before believing it Possibly tasks beyond one's strength have created mischief, but I doubt the inclination to go to such limits, in these days But this is what accomplishes what hard work fails to do-monotony I used to know a school teacher who changed her route every two weeks or so because she said she "Return to London with all speed, for I got weary looking at the same scenery and meeting the same people each day. That shall soon have further need of you. is what we all should do, but the ruts get so deep, sometimes, that we cease to wish to get out of them.

> A select circle of friends is well enough, but we are better for making new acuaintances. We need a change in work, a change in play, and an occasional change in surroundings. A vacation spent at home does not bring the rest and benefit that a trip of some sort offers. Quiet evenings at home are restful in a way; if business cares are left outside they certainly do bring rest to body and mind. but it is wise to vary even that monotony by entertaining occasional guests or finding amusement away from home. It is safe to say that the farther one gets away from monotony the better, always under the guidance of sense, however. BETTY BRADEEN.

DID NOT NEED HIM HERSELF, But Widow Was Busy Seeking Wife

for a Widower.

From the Kansas City Journal. "I've been free too long myself to want him, but he's a good man, and if I did want to marry I'd look no further. That's why I wish you'd help me find some one for him."

She was a buxom widow on whom fifty years sat lightly, and was seeking the aid I've been free too long. Oh, the widower of the State free employment bureau in the Nelson Building to secure a wife for saw that I knew his need and I promised a Hale (Mo.) farmer.

too, for he'd like to get settled by No- good deal." vember," she continued. "You see, I was down at Hale visiting, and we all went From the Baltimore American over to spend the day at his farm, and I Mr. Bryan has made complaint about know his little girl of eleven needs her the theft of his political clothes by the clothes fixed up before she ctarts to

more than bring labor and employment

together.' "Well, there's labor and employmentin fact, a permanent job for some worthy woman," went on the visitor. "You try to do something for us anyway, miss, and I'il be back to see about it.'

"But aren't you mistaken? Didn't your friends who took you to his house and, looks-as is always the case with bull-

"Well, they may have, but as I say, Hale (Mo.) farmer.

"I wish, if possible, you'd hurry a little, ting my O. K. on him ought to help a

One Thing He Didn't Take.

clothes fixed up before she starts to present occupant of the White House, but nels, most of them the Doctor's progeny. Mr. Roosevelt 'made it very plain at "But this is only an employment bu- Harrisburg that he did not intend to apu," broke in the young woman in propriate Mr. Bryan's government own-

NEW LORD MAYOR OF LONDON TOWN

nce of The Washington Herald, London, Oct. 1.-Having set tight as an much to do. Good night."

He bowed, and would have gone but for Lord Francis Cressingham, who had impulsively started forward, his right pourself; you will be required to do through the solemn farce of being closed Lord Mayor of the City of London. don. Time was-some 200 or more years ago-when the lord mayors were really elected by the citizens. But the aldermen-they are elected for life-took counspread temptingly upon an unclothed sel among themselves and decided that marble table. But appetites they had a position so exalted as that of lord none. Each swallowed hastily a glass of mayor should not be thrown open to outsiders and made dépendent on popular favor. By some hocus pocus they fixed things up so that every alderman, if he lives long enough, is assured of becoming a lord mayor, just as a man who goes to a barber shop to get shaved and finds a lot of customers ahead is certain that he will be "next" if he only waits long enough. When the last lord mayor was elected Sir William was 'next," and now it is his turn to take

the civic chair. The system pleases the aldermen and does not make much difference to any-body else. The office of lord mayor has long been shorn of its once great pe and has become a mere figurehead billet, though it is invested with more fictitious dignity than any other post in England. As lord mayor, Sir William will have to eat a prodigious number of official dinspend twice or thrice his salary of \$50,000 in entertaining, wear gorgeous wonderful old coach, and go through ot of fussy ceremonies just as they were carried out hundreds of years ago. If he should introduce anything in the shape of a modern innovation it would cause

It illustrates the irony of fate that the man who is compelled to play this role-an alderman who shirks the lord mayor job when his turn comes around is subold fogy about him. Sit William is a thoroughly up-to-date man, and one of the most jovial fellows living. He makes Rowland Hill, has started a fund in case a rattling speech, has written a book or two, and is an inveterate clubman. He ploneered the adoption of the ballot act in the city, fought for and won the opening of the Guildhall Art Gallery on Sunday afternoons, and has uniformly waged the battle of healthy common sense, activity, and progress against the antiquated con-servatism of which the office of lord mayor of the city of London is a monu-mental survival. For some years past he lege of striving to make Sunday a day of tect rational recreation, as well as of rest and prayer. But his pet hobby is poor chil-dren, especially those who are crippled gained in the realms of fiction may be and are thus handle pped in life's strug-gle. For these afflicted little ones he is made considerably more money at it. The always doing something and enlisting

Perhaps it is his own superb physique which makes him feel such tenderness for them. He is the biggest member of the aldermanic body. He stands six feet four in his socks, and when he was knighted by Queen Victoria her majesty was visibly impressed by his height. Afterward a lord-in-waiting approached and Copied from a most attractive stage ure a goodly five yards at the hem. was traveling to Bournemouth. It is sup-

Sir William will not be sworn in as lord which mention was made of Mr. Hardy merely a square yoke. Under this the garment takes the fullest of circular cuts, falling in sweeping folds that meas
merely a square yoke. Under this the fall from the yoke, are softened with dainty little touches of velvet and embedding in sweeping folds that meas
mayor until November 9, when takes place that queer annual pageant, the lord mayor's show. There can be no doubt it would afford Sir William much

""Stay a minute," said the prince.

""Stay a minute," said the prince.

""Stay a minute," said the prince. more satisfaction if he could devote the money it will cost him to his pets, crip-pled children, but in this, as in all the other functions associated with the office, he is bound to conform to cast-iron cus-tom. Americans should understand that what is known officially as the city of London comprises only one square mile of

> Why English women, who exhibit dogs for prizes at shows, should affect bulldogs, the most homely-visaged of the canine species, in preference to any other type must ever remain a psychological puzzle to the mere man. Perhaps it is due to the law of contrasts to some subtle affinity between feminine beauty and doggy ugliness. Whatever be the cause, it is a fact that the most successful exhibitors of bulldogs in England

One of them, Mrs. Edgar Waterlow,

has just achieved a world's record with her "Nuthurst Doctor." At the Lendon Bulldog Society's show he has just reghis eighteenth championship Moreover, these championships have been won in a fair field; not by the too frequent process of following the same judge around the country. No less than sixteen different judges have accorded champion ships to "Nuthurst Doctor" at different times. He has won more than 500 prizes. At this last show he was awarded no less than twenty-one "specials." So far as show purposes are concerned, "The Doctor"—as he is fondly called by his legion of admirers-is the monarch of bull dogdom. His supremacy in ugliness there is none to dispute. Money could not buy him. His fair owner has refused \$3,000 for him. She is a wealthy woman and has gone in for breeding bulldogs as a has gone in for oreeding buildogs as a Lt. hobby, and to win prizes by exhibiting Lv. them. A slender, delicate-looking little Ar. woman, without the faintest suggestion of Ar. anything "sporty" about her, she is about set down as the proprietor of the world's "At first," she said, "I was disposed to take up horse breeding as a hobby, but

you cannot keep a foal by your side continually, and, somehow, I always wanted something that I could look after personally, and make a companion of. My hus-band made me a present of a couple of bullpups, whom we named Nuthurst Bill and Nuthurst Doctor-Nuthurst after our place in the country. Bill was the one I fancied, and Mr. Waterlow paid £15 (\$75) for him. The seller was anxious to get rid of his brother also, and offered him for £10 (\$50), at which price my husband bought him, mainly that Bill might have some one of his kind to frolic with as he grew up and not feel lonesome. "Bill died young, and the dog who was bought for a mere song to provide him with a playmate has lived, as you know to beat all championship records, and is to-day worth a small fortune. Yet I have always believed that Bill, had he lived would have proved the finer dog of the two. But after Bill went, I transferred all my affections to the Doctor. in fact, the farmer himself intend this dogs when properly treated—belie his honor for you?" inquired the other. character. He is as gentle and playful as a kitten. For all the blue ribbons that have been tled to his collar, he isn't a bit stuck up and has no idea that he is the finest bulldog that ever faced a judge Only once has he shown any temper That was when a postman tried to hit him with a stick. The postman missed, but the Doctor didn't, and that postman never tried to hit him again."

The Doctor is only five years old, but is already the grandfather of several

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idea, Thomas Hardy, the famous novelected to a heavy fine-has nothing of the ist, has made a sketch of a tower which old fogy about him. Sir William is a it is proposed to add to Holy Trinity the hoped-for millionaire should not turn

Mr. Hardy, it is generally well known, began life as an architect. He stuck to that profession until he was thirty. The sketch, and his avowed object in making it, show that at sixty-six he still retains his interest in his first love. Of course the sketch is a mere suggestion for a dehas been president of the Naflonal Sun- sign, and, taken by itself, does scant jusday League, which is guilty of the sacri- tice to Mr. Hardy's talents as an archi-Whether as an architect he would even

fact that he was awarded the prize an medal of the Institute of British Archi tects in 1863, for an essay, and in the same year the prize given by Sir W. Tate for architectural designs, prove that his qualifications were far above the average Mr. Hardy's own home, "Max Gate," s near the ancient Wessex town of Dorhester, which he has immortalized in is novels under the name of Caster bbtained for his royal mistress the exact bridge. He designed the house himself neasurement of this son of Anak. An amusing story, by the way, is told of this same knighting. Sir William's wife, tate which was given by Edward III to the Black Prince, and has belonged to every Prince of Wales since that time Mr. Hardy owes his acquisition of it to the fact that King Edward, then Prince of Wales, is an enthusiastic admirer o the novelist's works, and is, besides, an uncommonly kind-hearted man. Mr. Hardy made application for the few acres which he coveted as a homestead it was the intention of the authorities in whom is vested the disposal of Crown lands, to decline his request. But among these authorities was England's future King. When the report was read in

"Stay a minute," said the prince. "What Hardy is it? Not Hardy the

"Yes, Thomas Hardy," was the reply; "he has written some novels, I believe though I've never read any of them."
"Well, I have," said the prince, "and I'm in favor of letting him have the few He would not have asked for them had he not set his heart on the

And thus it came about that Thomas Hardy, novelist, became the possessor of ground that had not belonged to a commoner since the days of the Black Prince Holy Trinity Church is a modern church. It was erected in 1875, on a site where the old parish church was first built in 1304. Since then several churches have been built in the same place. Of the one which stood there in 1610 the min-ister was John White, better remembered in America than in England as the founder of Dorchester, Mass.

A Defense of Cigarettes.

From the Atlanta Journal. The physician who attributes the lying habit to the use of cigarettes should recall the fact that the Scripture which says all men are llars was written before Co

EXCURSIONS.

introduced tobacco to the white man.

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